

Mog the Brunette.

YOUNG Jockey he courted sweet Mog, the Brunette,
Who had lips like carnations, and eyes black as jet;
He coax'd, and he wheedl'd, and talk'd with his eyes,
And look'd as all lovers do—wonderful wife!
Then he swore like a lord, how her charms he ador'd,
That she'd soon put an end to his sufferings, implor'd.
For a heart unawares, thus his trammels he set,
And soon made a conquest of Mog the Brunette.

Mog the Brunette, Mog the Brunette,
And soon made a conquest of Mog the Brunette.

They pannell'd their dobbins, and rode to the fair,
Still kissing and fowdling until they came there,
They call'd at the church, and in wedlock were join'd,
And Jockey was happy, for Moggy was kind;
It was now honey-moon, time expired too soon;
They revell'd in pleasure, night, morning, and noon;
He call'd her his charmer, his joy, and his pet;
And the lasses all envy'd sweet Mog the Brunette.
Sweet Mog, &c.

Then home they return'd, but return'd most unkind;
For Jockey rode on, and left Moggy behind.
Surpriz'd at this treatment, she call'd to her mate,
“ Whv, Jockey, you're alter'd most strangely of late!”
“ Come on, fool, he cry'd, you now are my bride;
“ And when folks are wed, they lay fooling aside.”
Hard names, and foul words, were the best she could get;
Strange usage this, sure, for sweet Mog the Brunette!
Sweet Mog, &c.

He took home poor Moggy, new conduct to learn;
She brush'd up the house, while he thatch'd the old barn;
They laid in a stock for the cares that ensue,
And now live as man and wife usually do.
As their humours excite, they kiss—or they fight;
‘Twixt kindness and feuds pass the morn, noon, and night.
To his sorrow he finds that his match he has met,
And wishes the devil had Mog the Brunette.
Mog the Brunette, &c.